

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

Swinburne's "Sequence of Sonnets on Browning" give us his usual majestic sweep of language, and contains some passages that are really fine. They are published in the *Fortnightly Review*. This, for example :—

Death, what hast thou to do with one for whom
Time is not lord, but servant? What least part
Of all the fire that fed his living heart,
Of all the light more keen than sundawn's bloom
That lit and led his spirit, strong as doom
And bright as hope, can aught thy breath may dart
Quench? Nay, thou knowest he knew thee what thou art,
A shadow born of terror's barren womb,
That brings not forth save shadows. What art thou,
To dream, albeit thou breathe upon his brow,
That power on him is given thee,—that thy breath
Can make him less than love acclaims him now,
And hears all time sound back the word it saith?
What part hast thou then in his glory, Death?
And these noble lines :—

But he—to him, who knows what gift is thine,
Death? Hardly may we think or hope, when we
Pass likewise thither where to-night is he,
Beyond the irremeable outer seas that shine
And darken round such dreams as half divine
Some sunlit harbour in that starless sea
Where gleams no ship to windward or to lee,
To read with him the secret of thy shrine.

There too, as here, may song, delight, and love,
The nightingale, the sea-bird, and the dove,
Fulfil with joy the splendour of the sky
Till all beneath wax bright as all above :
But none of all that search the heavens, and try
The sun, may watch the sovereign eagle's eye.

O spirit of man, what mystery moves in thee
That he might know not of in spirit, and see
The heart within the heart that seems to strive,
The life within the life that seems to be,
And hear, through all thy storms that whirl and drive,
The living sound of all men's souls alive?

He held no dream worth waking : so he said,
He who stands now on death's triumphal steep,
Awakened out of life wherein we sleep
And dream of what he knows and sees, being dead.
But never death for him was dark or dread :
"Look forth" he bade the soul, and fear not. Weep,
All ye that trust not in his truth, and keep
Vain memory's vision of a vanished head
As all that lives of all that once was he
Save that which lightens from his word : but we,
Who, seeing the sunset-coloured waters roll,
Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,
Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit is whole,
And life and death but shadows of the soul.

Professor Dowden contributes to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* an account of an "Eighteenth Century Mystic." The article is charming alike in its form and in the glimpse it gives us of the mystic, the Marquis St. George de Marsay. The Professor found his material in a manuscript "written by a careful hand on rough paper in ink now somewhat faded. . . . An English version of the autobiography of a Protestant Pietist, born in France, but resident in Germany." No account, other than a note in Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*, has been given to English students respecting this remarkable man, whose remains "furnish materials for the study of the psychology of a people and a period." For German Pietism in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is a most interesting study. It gives us a view of the casting off of "the tyranny of dogma that had stiffened into mere intellectual tradition." The moral life of the nation was recovering from the thirty years' war : and, a little later, Pietism expressed the "recoil of the emotions from the rationalism of the Deists." Molinos in Spain, Fénelon, Madame Guyon, and Antoinette Bourignon in France, Spenser and Francke and Zinzendorf in Germany, William Law and John Byrom in England, differing, as they did, in many respects, were agreed in demanding for the soul a warmer emotional life than was approved by the religious orthodoxy of the day.

1688 was the year of De Marsay's birth. He was a prayerful and contemplative child and youth, striving hard to reconcile his soldierly duties with his yearnings for the inner life. This extract gives us a glimpse of his nature :—

When the feast of Easter approached I doubled my exercises of contemplation, prayer, and self-examination in order to prepare myself worthily for the communion. I withdrew from all society of the officers, and spent the days, as far as my calling would permit, in a quiet retirement. God gave me at that time much grace, and such a zeal and taste of his love that I prayed three or four days without intermission, if not with the mouth yet always within myself ; and although during this time our regiment was on a march and in a post where we were obliged to be under arms day and night, yet this troublesome circumstance did not hinder me to continue in prayer. It seemed to me I was already in Paradise, and was so simple as to believe this state would continue during life.

Of course it did not : this "perpetual luxury of the soul" was not attainable in this lower world, and De Marsay was about to abandon his climb to the heights, when a letter from his comrade, Lieutenant Cordier, recommended him to the writings of Antoinette Bourignon and informed him that he, with one Baratier, Chaplain of the Hanoverian Regiment, had resolved to retire from the world. De Marsay procured his discharge, and, in 1711 resolved to join the recluses at Schwartzenan. Some account of the life he led there may be given in his own words :—

We rose at four in the morning, and laboured each in his work with great stillness, after we had heard some chapters of the Holy Scriptures read by one of us. M. Baratier took care of the economy of the kitchen. M. Cordier and I went from four in the morning till seven o'clock, this spring 1711 [-12], out

in the field to work and till the ground, to sow some fruit that we might have our bread. At seven we returned home and ate our breakfast of dry bread which we had baked ourselves. From that time till noon everyone had his work. M. Cordier's work was to spin wool, and mine to card wool and knit. It was also his part to go on errands, when it was needful to fetch something for us, and it was my part to gather leaves of trees, instead of straw, to lie upon, and to cleanse the stable. At noon we dined. Baratier boiled for us all the seven days of the week the same food. During one week we had a dish of peas and nothing else, neither before nor after, except a piece of bread to eat with the peas; the following week we had barley; the next buckwheat groats; the next oatmeal pap, and so on by changes. After dinner somebody of us read some part out of A. Bourignon's writings, then everyone went to his work until four o'clock. Then Cordier and I went into the field to work till seven o'clock which was the hour of supper. This consisted in a dish of pulse or salad, groats, turnips, yellow turnips, or something else as the season of the year did furnish. After supper we remained in our chamber at work till nine o'clock, when we retired to rest.

So we spent the day, and kept silence in our employments. Our exercise was to be in a constant recollection, to be turned inward and remain in the presence of God. We spoke or asked nothing but what was necessary. Our drink was clear water, and when it pleased M. Baratier to give us a special treat, he boiled groats in milk for us. I can say that this was so delicate food that I could not master my appetite in it as I would. I tried it and sometimes took wormwood to overcome my taste, but all in vain, and I had constantly to fight against my desire of eating what was a grievance to me. For I had so warm a desire for the hour of meals and longed so much for it, that it put me in a continual conflict and caused me much suffering. For I had a great appetite to eat, and yet dared not satisfy the same without fear and doubt. I would during the meal keep my thoughts to the presence of God, but was much interrupted in it by my desire of eating, which many a year has exercised me. Among other things I remember that once I ate a potato between meals, for which I was severely reprov'd in my conscience. I would excuse the matter within myself and not confess my fault to God, but I fell into inward darkness, which was so terrible that it seemed to me as if I was plunged into the deepest abyss.

That potato is distinctly good. In what state of mind and soul shall we picture a man who once ate a cold potato between meals, and then, in anguish of spirit as for deadly sin, "went out into a wood and sat comfortless down on the stump of a tree," rejected of God and forsaken? The desire to laugh is quenched in sincere and deep pity for the poor fanatic who seems to have seriously believed that the Infinite God could have been moved to forsake and cast him off because he ate a cold potato out of due time! Things went on badly, and he suffered much from what he picturesquely calls "spiritual aridity." I do not wonder, but am surprised at his remedy. He went to consult a "pious shoemaker," one Daut, who had written "a prophetic book of some repute." Returning from this visit, De Marsay found his inner senses opened, and the Voice spoke to him as he prayed with more than ordinary volubility and vehemence, "Thou art only a babbler! Be silent!" Very excellent advice, and quite ahead of what Voices usually have to say. More excellent still, he followed the advice, stopped "babbling" to the All-Wise, and found "the intimatest unction and a much more substantial presence of God than I had ever had in all my babbling, which I forsook from that time." A blessed consummation: would that all babblers, private and public alike, would follow this most laudable example. Babbling done with, he had time to attend to his body, which his fastings had reduced to a pitiful state. It "had grown lean and his fingers cracked and sore." M. Baratier's culinary eccentricities, "peas and nothing else" varied by "buckwheat groats" and "oatmeal pap"—whatever these portentous viands may be—had reduced him to a fallacy.

He became "hysterical and light-headed," not unnaturally. He and his two companions took to babbling again. "We began from morning to night to prate. . . . It seemed we were three merry brethren, which did nothing together the whole day but laughing, sporting, and playing the fool." When he thought on this deplorable result of fasting and prayer he was in "great pain and sorrow." "My God (he said) what state is this, and how will it end?" "He was under the feet of the evil spirits (writes Professor Dowden), who seemed to be given power to deal with him as they pleased." One would think that the state to which these three cenobites had reduced themselves by their stupidity would be clear enough: but they deviated into still further vagaries. Cordier withdrew into "complete solitude," so it is said. The solitude, however, does not seem to have been absolute, for De Marsay records with his usual directness that "Satan seduced him through pride, and when he had found a woman that on the outside had a great appearance of spirituality . . . he suffered himself to be seduced by this creature, that was a bad spirit, to marry her." Very sad: and very funny too. I have not often read a more entertaining narrative.

"Happier was De Marsay's lot," and yet I do not feel sure. "He was called to enter into the state of holy matrimony that he and his wife might live together in entire bodily abstinence, yet in entire spiritual union." "One day" (he writes) "when sitting under a tree with my knitting tackle it was shown to me, if it was true that I was willing to be the property of God without exception, I should give Him the first proof thereof in marrying the Lady Clara de Callenberg." The Lady Clara, it is further stated, was thirteen years his senior. She and her sisters were Pietists, and there had been some little family disagreement as to their spiritual practices, for their brother had haled their advisers—"men of low descent"—into his presence, and incontinently had "his servants cudgel them soundly, and then ordered them to prison." So there was friction. "Fearing that the curse of God would descend on the house," the five ladies "dressed themselves meanly" while their brother was at church and evacuated the premises, setting out, with two maids in attendance, for Cassel. At this point they come into contact with Eva von Buttlar, whose Philadelphian society became notorious for its extravagances, eccentricities, and maddest aberrations of religious phantasy. Into these I do not deviate. They form a melancholy chapter in the history of ill-regulated mysticism, and are enough to give pause to those emotional creatures who import into the study of occult subjects their hysterical and uncontrolled passions.

The Lady Clara, it is sufficient to say, found things going on in Mother Eva's community which shocked her, and she was impelled by a passage from Jacob Boehme's writings to withdraw. She had a hard time; for evil spirits and Eva's magical arts assaulted her. "At night she heard mournful voices and the hissing of serpents; but the consolation of angels would follow while she sung Divine songs, in a voice so much above her usual voice that it seemed to be that of some holy spirit who had joined her. The trial was ended by the vision of a lamb with a pearl on its neck, and a book shut and beautifully bound with three silver laces—the book of her inner state, which the lamb opened." To inveigle her once more came a messenger, Jacob Sander, fortified with magical arts. He seems to have proposed marriage and to have been accepted, though the accident of his humble birth brought the thing to nought. Really these Pietists are a little bewildering. They fast and they pray, they marry (or do not, with disastrous results to their reputation), they associate mixedly

with evil spirits and with angels—and all the time they are fit subjects for a lunatic asylum. So dangerous is it to let the feather-headed—and there is no more feather-headed creature than the religious fanatic—meddle with these subjects. Finally, this eclectic person married De Marsay at the age of thirty-eight. The joint fortune of the feather-headed pair amounted to fifteenpence, plus what they called “the capital of faith.” That did not yield any income. Cordier lent them a cottage—a doll’s house. Their furniture was appropriately transported in a wheelbarrow to the eight feet square domicile. They were easily satisfied. “We thought we were in Paradise.”

De Marsay’s mother now commenced to play the rôle of mother-in-law, and he set off on foot to Geneva, “to quiet her and if possible to effect her conversion.” He was in a state of great exaltation, guided and directed in mysterious ways. “He walked swiftly by roads that were unknown to him, yet only once strayed from the way. When in doubt it was his custom to shut his eyes, turn in faith to God, and proceed without reflection.” This is a method which has sometimes had a less fortunate ending: but he got to Geneva and to his mother. Alas! after all the faith-led journey “we spent our time chiefly in disputing.” He went home again, straighter this time, to the hut on the hillside, and to the strange mode of life that provokes a smile. “We were quite filled with sensual sweetness [in devotion] and strongly attracted to the prayer of rest, so that we grudged the time to be spent in boiling our soup, and would therefore try to eat nothing but bread and butter and drink clear water.” This impracticable nonsense led them to join one Widow Gruber in housekeeping. She at least had a garden and two goats: but she took it out of them in the matter of work “in a masterly manner and gave us daily opportunity of self-denial.” Rye meal cakes mixed with swede turnips seem to have been the favourite form of refreshment.

Then came ructions. Cordier, now returned from Damascus, where he ought to have learned better, employed himself in circulating scandal against Madame De Marsay, whom Madame Cordier “regarded with hostility.” She went to law, after the manner of angry women, pleaded that “her Heavenly Father had manifested to her” the scandal, and was unkindly told “that she had the information from the devil.” So she collapsed, and the Widow Gruber “being of a tyrannous presence, with her overwhelming energy and masterful ways” underwent an “amicable separation.” I have, perhaps, tasked patience by this remarkable narrative, to which I have added no whit of colouring, and which, I beg to remind my readers, appears in the *Fortnightly Review* over the name of Professor Dowden; but there is more that I must quote. There came to visit their nearest neighbour, Mr. Gross, husband of Mrs. Gruber’s daughter, a woman, Sophia, who sought his spiritual consolation. (These people were always wanting “spiritual consolation” and doing utterly absurd things.) She was unhappy with her husband. “At midnight she opened the door and slipped—[not as might be expected on the doorstep]—but out into the darkness.” She was found naked on the ice, and naturally expired. But that was not all. A coffin was procured, and before the burial the corpse was placed outside the exiguous domicile of De Marsay. That was, however, not to be. “They felt themselves constrained by their dead sister to bring the coffin back into the little chamber,” and then they had a real whole-souled wake. “As she yet lived entirely in the inner senses and had not attained to the higher life in the spirit, *she had after death*” (writes De Marsay) “*a power to communicate herself to our inner senses, because we were not come farther than to the state of the senses within.*” For the souls that live in the same ground and principle have a mutual communication.”

Then came what must be quoted *in extenso* :—

We buried her the next day in our garden. The following night, when we were gone to rest, we heard that the door of our little house was opened. I thought I had not rightly locked it, got up to shut it, and reflected no further. The night after, that door, though locked with a good lock, was again opened. I went again to fasten it and neither I nor my wife thought then that there was anything extraordinary in it. The same opening of the door happened the third night. Then we had the next day a strong impression that Sophia did thus, in visiting us, to draw comfort in her suffering condition.

This impression seized us entirely; at night we lay down in a persuasion she would come again, and when we had extinguished our lamp our room door, which we knew was very well shut, was opened. “This is Sophia,” whispered we to each other. I began courageously and without any terror to say to her, “She was welcome; if she would go with us to Jesus, there we would meet one another, there alone would we be found.” I exhorted her to take her refuge to Him; if this was her resolution, as it was ours, her visit would be there pleasing to me. My wife was in fear because she had often suffered from such spirits, and pushed me to be silent. When I had done speaking, the door, which I had shut after the entry of Sophia, was opened again, and I told my wife, “Now the soul of Sophia departs.” My wife was full of joy and called these words after her: “Ah! my dearest Jesus, make to Thyself a pure dwelling in my heart, that I may never forget Thee! May it be so with thee, poor soul; go hence into the rest of the Lord!”

I arose again and locked our room door. After that time she never came again to visit us, but we had a strong impression that her soul was again entered into the order of the Lord, and consequently into rest also, which is always in His will and order. We have seen nothing with our corporal eyes, but the impression of her soul on ours was very calm and soft. When she opened our door it was done quickly and quietly, without boisterous noise, as a token of the state in which she found herself, not in rebellion or opposition to God, but in a restful, humble suffering.

From this time De Marsay’s life “turned outwards”: and a blessed turning it must have been. He set himself to work in deeds of charity—a task belated, but beneficial. “A timely gift of thirty dollars from his mother re-awakened his affection for her,” and diverted his energies into the doubtful expediency of her conversion. Why could he not let the poor woman alone? However, he set out once more for Switzerland, taking his wife this time, “half dead with weariness,” “resting on the ground in the presence of God” (as if she could rest anywhere *out* of that presence), and finally breaking down at Neuchâtel, while her husband pushed on. But this persistent person, who must have been an incarnate plague, met with no comfort from his mother, who advised him to review his ways and earn a living as bookkeeper to a merchant in Paris. That would not do, and he went back again, having picked up his foot-sore wife. When they got home they had the sense to see “with shame the faults into which intercourse even with godly people had betrayed them.” They revised their ways and their doings, and passed through a good deal of that spiritual experience which is well known to us Spiritualists. “Many high-flying spirits” (very good description!) vexed them. And no very considerable access of common-sense seems to have come to De Marsay. He was always on hand with something silly. “One evening when I was preparing for rest, and in my prayers placed myself and my wife before God as two *animals of sacrifice* . . . there rose at once from my inner ground a soft and placid conviction in my understanding which showed me ‘It was enough.’” And that excellent Voice told him to keep quiet. It was a very good Voice.

It is not important to pursue the narrative. In due time his wife died; only he calls it “she experienced the descension into hell with Christ.” And finally he descended too. The narrative is important as showing what some people make of abnormal experiences, how ready they are to read into

them preconceived ideas, and how hard it is to treat such matters on the dead level of common-sense. I have no wish to point any moral. As Professor Dowden says, "If there be morals to be drawn and practical applications, I leave these to the reader." They lie on the surface, and even the way-faring man may gather them as he runs by.

THE LONDON HYPNOTIC SOCIETY.

The *World* is very complimentary to Dr. Carl Hansen. The remarks of our generally critical contemporary will be read with pleasure :—

One of the youngest of the many and various societies that start into being in the Metropolis, the London Hypnotic Society, held its fifth meeting at the Cavendish Rooms, in Mortimer-street, last week, and certainly, for so youthful a society, it proved itself to be a remarkably lusty and interesting infant. The feature of the evening was the lecture given by Dr. Carl Hansen, the founder of the flourishing Copenhagen Hypnotic Society, on "Hypnotism in Daily Life," showing its practical and often unsuspected existence, and its extreme utility in all nervous maladies. The lecture was lucidity itself, and it is almost humiliating to hear a foreigner speak English with such admirable clearness and fluency as Dr. Hansen; but it is probable that to the majority of the onlookers the most interesting portion of the evening's entertainment was the series of experiments which took place as soon as the lecture came to an end.

On the invitation of the lecturer, six individuals, two ladies and four gentlemen, made their way on to the platform, and in a very few minutes three of them, one lady and two gentlemen, had succumbed, and were fast asleep. One of the latter was led by Dr. Hansen to a chair near the front of the platform, and, at the suggestion of a lady in the audience, he desired the sleeping patient to sleep for exactly one minute longer, then to wake up, to go down to the "edge of the bank of the river—a river full of fish—wherein you are to fish with the fishing-rod you will find on the bank." Here Dr. Hansen left him to busy himself with his other subjects. In exactly sixty seconds the sleeping man stirred, opened his eyes, blinked vaguely, like a person suddenly awaked out of a dream, got up, lounged forward, with his hands in his pockets, to the edge of the platform, and stood there, evidently following with his eyes the movements of the fish he believed he saw. Presently he lowered himself down on one hand, seated himself comfortably, with his legs dangling over the edge of the platform, and, reaching out his hand for an old umbrella which Dr. Hansen had placed within reach, he commenced fly-fishing with the umbrella, making cast after cast of his supposed line with the most absorbed interest and solemnity, utterly unconscious of the convulsed audience immediately in front of him! The other male subject was even more susceptible, for though he was fast asleep and sunk forward with bent head, when Dr. Hansen passed round behind the circle of chairs, and made some passes a little distance behind his head, he quivered all over like a galvanised frog, even though the lecturer's hands were quite twelve inches away from him. The experiments both with him and with the lady (who went upon the platform to be cured of a violent pain in the back of her head, which she took to be a forerunner of the dreaded influenza, and who was cured by Dr. Hansen's "suggestion" during her sleep) were remarkably curious and interesting, and certainly suggested a wide range of speculation as to the possible uses for good and evil of such an extraordinary power as that which Dr. Hansen possesses.

MANY-SIDED SYMPATHY.—Don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with the lower creatures; you cannot sympathise rightly with the higher unless you do with those; but you have to sympathise with the higher too—with queens, and kings, and martyrs, and angels; ay, and above all, and more than all, with simple humanity in all its ends and ways, for there is not one hurried face that passes you in the street that will not be impressive if you can only fathom it. All history is open to you, all high thoughts and dreams that the past fortunes of men can suggest; all fairy-land is open to you—no vision that ever haunted forest, or gleamed over hillside, but calls you to understand how it came into men's hearts, and may still teach them; and all Paradise is open to you—yes, and the work of Paradise, for in bringing all this in perpetual and attractive truth before the eyes of your fellow-men, you have to join in the employment of the angels, as well as to imagine their companies.—*Two Paths.*

CONFESSIONS.

CULLED FROM RECENT UTTERANCES OF PROMINENT MEN.

PROFESSOR SIDGWICK, President of the Society for Psychical Research, in his address to the thirty-second general meeting of the Society, May 10th, 1889, on "The Canons of Evidence in Psychical Research."

My view is that the investigation is inevitably of too obscure and tentative a kind to render it possible to treat it by any very exact method.

I wish to show that in such inquiries as ours it is inevitable that there should be a very wide margin within which neither side can prove, or ought to try to prove, that the other is wrong, because the important considerations, the *pros* and *cons* that have to be weighed against each other, are not capable of being estimated with any exactness. And therefore there is properly a very wide interval between the point—as regards weight of evidence—at which it is reasonable to embark upon an inquiry of this kind, and the point at which it is reasonable to come to a positive decision.

The chief sources of error are (1) alteration of a narrative or tradition, when it is not obtained at first hand; (2) errors in memory, when the narrative is told after a lapse of time; (3) errors in the actual apprehension of fact,* partly through failure to observe material circumstances, partly through the mingling of inference with observation.

My object now is not to emphasise these sources of error; but rather to show how in every case the probabilities are only capable of being vaguely estimated; and how in many cases they must necessarily be estimated differently by different persons, according to their knowledge of the persons concerned. It is for this reason that I feel that a part of my grounds for believing in telepathy, depending, as it does, on personal knowledge, cannot be communicated except in a weakened form to the ordinary reader of the printed statements which represent the evidence that has convinced me. Indeed, I feel this so strongly that I have always made it my highest ambition as a psychical researcher to produce evidence which will drive my opponents to doubt my honesty or veracity; I think that there is a very small minority of persons who will *not* doubt them, and that, if I can convince them, I have done all that I can do: as regards the majority even of my own acquaintances I should claim no more than an admission that they were considerably surprised to find me in the trick.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS, "On Recognised Apparitions Occurring More than a Year After Death" (*Society for Psychical Research Proceedings*, pp. 13-65), writes :—

The momentous step, of course, is taken so soon as we consent to refer any *post-mortem* apparition—dating even from the morrow of death—to the continued agency of the decedent.

In a personal explanatory foot note Mr. Myers says :—

Various converging lines of evidence have led me individually to think it probable that in some at least of the cases here (*i.e.*, in the above-mentioned article) cited, there has been a real agency of departed persons. But no one else is responsible for that opinion; nor do I ever claim that the evidence cited is enough to prove its truth.

I believe that the self-manifestations of the departed—being communications between states of being almost impassably dis-united—must needs form an extreme type of those fugitive and unstable communications between widely different strata of personality of which living minds offer us examples; and that "ghosts" must, therefore, as a rule represent—not conscious or central currents of intelligence—but mere automatic projections from consciousness which have their centres elsewhere.

Influences and images generated by the dead persist amongst us, but have no true initiative or objective reality. "There is some soul and wraith even in Hades (as Mr. Leaf translates Homer), but there is no heart in them."

* Which exist not only on the part of the observer, but on the part of the critic, especially through his "mingling of inference" with what is recorded as matter of observation.

MR. CROOKES, F.R.S., in the same *Proceedings*, says:—

I must confess that I have been disappointed with the progress of investigation into this subject during the last fifteen years. I see little abatement of the credulity on the one hand and the fraud on the other which have all along interfered, as I hold, with the recognition of new truth of profound interest.

I have not changed my mind; on dispassionate review of statements put forth by me nearly twenty years ago, I find nothing to retract or to alter. I have discovered no flaws in the experiments then made, or in the reasoning I based upon them.

The evidence for the genuineness of the phenomena obtained by Home in my presence seems to me to be strengthened rather than weakened by discussions on conjuring, and the exposures of fraud which have since taken place. The object of such discussions is to transform *vague* possibilities of illusion and deception into *definite* possibilities. So far as this has yet been done, it has, I think, been made more clear that certain of Home's phenomena fall quite outside the category of marvels producible by sleight of hand or prepared apparatus.

My object in publishing these notes will have been attained if they should aid in inducing competent observers, in this or other countries, to repeat similar experiments with accurate care, and in a dispassionate spirit.

Most assuredly, so far as my knowledge of science goes, there is absolutely no reason *a priori* to deny the possibility of such phenomena as I have described. Those who assume that we are now acquainted with all, or nearly all, or even with any assignable proportion of the forces at work in the universe show a limitation of conception which ought to be impossible in an age when the widening of the circle of our definite knowledge does but reveal the proportionately widening circle of our blank, absolute, indubitable ignorance.

NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

By F. J. THEOBALD.

PART I.

[It was the presence of my old friend, Miss J., that placed me *en rapport* with the spirit whom I will call H. During his earth life he had investigated into, and become convinced of, the truth of Spiritualism. Not easily, for H. was a deep thinker, and the conviction came to him, not only through the mental and spiritual side of his nature, but also from a scientific point of view.

H.'s remarks upon the attitude taken by some scientific men, in connection with events taking place at the time some of these messages were being given, were amusing to us both, many of the expressions being quite characteristic of him, and interesting, as showing that his wit is as keen, and his appreciation of the ludicrous as strong as ever; whilst his deeply reverential attitude, when referring to religious subjects, gives beautiful evidence of his growth in the deepest spiritual life.]

H. CRITICISES THE POSITION OF THE SCIENTIST WITH REGARD TO MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

I see with keen delight the downfall of the importance and (I think I will say) the impudence of such men as the lot of conceited scientists who "will not give in to spirits." I saw K. the other day. He is watching with curious interest the visits of his friend X. to Dr. Slade, for it is just dawning upon him that, as a spirit, he is just the same K. as he was on earth; that he has not cast aside the coat of scientific lore that enveloped him on earth, but must still yield to such fancies, even though he be "in Heaven"!

Yes; he's a good, narrow-minded religionist yet! And even now he has to learn that his religious nature must be developed *with* his scientific nature, and not apart from it. That is a very common error among the children of men. They see not that each of the three parts of the spirit-life must be in trinity, and in unity. This law runs through all things. In the intellectual life it consists in the development of the religious, the social, and the moral elements in the spiritual character.

QUESTION.—Where are you now standing?

ANSWER.—I stand now at your left elbow, which I nudge on to do my pleasure.

[Remarks were made as to what caused this very unlooked for reference to the spirit K. Especially as hitherto H. had declared they were in different spheres. In reply was written:—]

Well, I've been looking him up to see how he liked his friend, being so utterly flabbergasted as he was.* There are, indeed, more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. I cannot say half you wish to know, or half I would say, if I had not to use a medium!

Mediums are so tiresome! And yet, we cannot do without them! That's a paradox, if you look deep enough.

Miss J. said, "Shall I tell Z. that you say this?"

Yes, if you choose!—but he will only say, "Old H. might do better as a spirit! Wouldn't he?"

At another time Miss J. being with me, and speaking of

MEDIUMSHIP; ITS DIFFICULTIES AND THE SCEPTICISM CAUSED BY IT.†

[Miss J. suggested that our spirit-friends, when communicating with us, were no doubt obliged to use whatever words they could find in the medium's brain, and thus characteristics were often lost. H. wrote in his impulsive way:—]

Yes; they are so foolish! Of course, we have to use the brain power. And we have to send you word of things that are, though different, yet akin to, the earth life. It is very difficult to get through mediumship all we would say; but I impress your brain, J., far better than I can use the medium's hand.

[It was some months after the above was given when, my friend being once more with me, this subject was entered upon more fully by our spirit-teacher, H., thus:—]

The laws of mediumship become more intricate as the medial powers advance, and the communication is more positively spiritual, as distinct from spirito-material—as I will call the lower forms of mediumship.

The mesmeric aura of the medium must combine harmoniously with the spirit aura. But when these combinations are true, then can occur all the strange phenomena—from table-tilting to spirit materialisation. Dr. — is not at all correct when he thinks it is all the work of the medium, or the spirit of the medium. The two forces, which we will call negative and positive,—or masculine and feminine—are required to complete the power which produces such marvellous results; and the two powers cannot be in one person, i.e., the medium only.

It is absolutely necessary for the other force to come into intimate communion with the medial powers in the earthly medium, or the results could not be manifested to the outer.

We are *en rapport* with F. J. T. because of your affection towards, and trust in her. So, *via* your mesmerism, we combine our spirit aura with her own, and can thus influence her hand, to write the words we find in her brain. If we wished to have Form-Manifestation, we should have to seek mediumship with more muscular physique, for with her there is not force enough, even with any amount of spirit-aura, to produce a materialised spirit-form to be handled and felt by all in the circle.

The medium on earth must have a certain supply, or over supply, of nervo-muscular power, to draw upon, to combine with the corresponding power in the spirit present, and using the medium, to produce materialisation.

If there was more unity of feeling among men, the spirit-power would be more diffused, and mediumship more universally developed than it is.

But if such a condition of affairs could be established, the communion between the two worlds would be perfect. They would be as one . . . Such will be, but not yet. There are too many L's, and C's, and S's, as yet."

They are a power in themselves, to shut away all Heavenly Visitants, or spirit power of even the lowest kind, so essentially earthly and grovelling are their scientific souls.

THE BLINDNESS OF UNBELIEF.—It were unintelligible how a man should prefer being the slave of blind helpless law to being the child of living wisdom, should believe in the absolute nothing rather than in the perfect will, were it not that he does not, cannot see the wisdom or the will, except he draw nigh thereto.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

* This refers to a visit paid by K.'s sceptical friend to a medium, in whose presence, he, to his utter surprise, saw a spirit materialise before him in broad daylight. At the same time he received some direct spirit-writing, *unmistakably*, and to his great discomfiture, as this friend was one of those who declared he *never would give in to spirit*!

† For further spirit-teachings upon the "Laws of Mediumship" see *Homes and Work in the Future Life*, p. 118.

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2, DUKE STREET,
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Light:

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed, should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

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RAPS.

One of the most striking incidents in connection with the modern developments of Occult knowledge, has been the inconsistency of those who try to discredit that knowledge. Such people deny there are such things as ghosts, and at the same time know what a ghost would do or would not do. Though there never was and never will be a ghost seen by a person whose liver is in order, nevertheless a ghost would never rap on a table, or on a pane of glass; it would be ridiculous to suppose such a thing! And the ghost of a coat, or of an umbrella, "Faugh, my dear sir, even if there are such things as ghosts, which no sane man believes, I am sure there cannot be a ghost of a coat, or of an umbrella." In other words "I know the nature of a thing which does not exist."

So the "rap" has been laughed at quite as much because it is one of the concomitants of the bugbear Spiritualism, as because it is a pastime not to be considered compatible with the dignity of non-existent ghosts.

According to these people a "rap" is, of its nature, an undignified thing. Yet when twelve raps sounded on a thousand church bells at midnight on December 31st, those "raps" sent a feeling of awe through ten thousand hearts, as the known of the Old Year faded away into the unknown of the New.

We are perhaps a good deal more used to raps than is generally supposed. The "make" and "break" raps of the telegraph bring news of the deaths of kings, of the destruction of cities, and of the prices current in Wall-street. The continuous raps between cloud and cloud give us all the majesty of the thunder. Great Jove with his lightnings is simply the Rapper-General of the universe. The "spirit rap" then should rather be expected than the contrary, if there be agencies commonly called occult, which we know there are.

The raps mentioned above may be generally termed electric raps, they are produced whenever electricity passes suddenly across a medium which resists its path. In thunderstorms that resisting medium is the air. They are also produced when electricity is turned into mechanical work as in the telegraph. Now as to this subtle agent which we call electricity, it is pretty safe to say that no one knows anything at present. This assertion may, of course, be made with equal safety with regard to many other things, but electricity is very much to the fore just now, and people talk rather glibly about it. And through

this mysterious agent a system of rapping is kept up which permeates and modifies our life in every direction.

Now, though what electricity is, is not yet understood, or, at any rate, if anyone does understand what it is, so far he has not told the rest of the world—though we do not know what it is, and though it may be made to do mechanical work, *apparently* under conditions as simple as the expansive force of steam does work, yet we do know that it acts in a medium which is totally independent of the ordinary forces of what is called Nature. That medium is the imponderable perfectly elastic solid, or, equally imponderable perfectly frictionless fluid—it does not matter much which—the so-called *æther*.

And though this *æther* is imponderable, yet the electric action in it is profoundly modified by its ponderable surroundings: for example, the electric action along the *æther* in or about a copper wire, is different from the electric action along the *æther* in or about a plate of glass.

Human intelligence, that intelligence which one is so proud of as being but a little, a very little, lower than that of the angels, has utilised this electricity, whatever it may be, and causing it to act in the *æther*, make raps of understood meaning at almost any distance.

Now the intelligent agent in order to do this starts what at present is called a current of electricity; and clumsy though the methods were at first, they are becoming simpler and more effective continually. This current is received by another intelligent agent at the other end of the line, and this latter by the movements (raps) of the telegraph needle, or the vibrations (raps) on the telephone plate, is made to understand the message of the first intelligent agent at the beginning of the line. There is a preconcerted code of signals, as say three movements of the needles to the East for "yes," &c., &c.

Raps then are not only not undignified, but essential apparently to the present well-being of the world, and if there be disembodied intelligences, that is to say intelligences not clothed with a body of ponderable material, though possibly clothed with a body of *ætherial* material (but that really is of no consequence), if there be such, there seems no reason in the nature of things why these intelligences should not set up their telegraphs as well as anybody else. That we only know of certain more or less clumsy ways of sending the vibration is no reason why other intelligences should not know of different methods. And any argument founded on the supposed low order of intellect which is evident but too often would be of no avail, for the result is only a question of conditions. An untutored Connemara lad would get his coracle safely across the surge of the Atlantic to any of the islands, while the lofty intellect of a Tyndall would probably smash that coracle on the nearest rock.

Given then the existence of an electricity-bearing *æther*; given also an intelligence able to start vibrations in that *æther*, then raps are exactly what we ought to expect. That we do not know how such personages would start the vibrations is nothing, for we do not know how we start them ourselves. We may indeed fairly go a step farther. Just as we transform the energy of electricity into mechanical work, so it is possible, nay probable, that a subtler energy than electricity may be transformed into electrical energy, and so in its turn into mechanical work again. That we live under conditions in which electricity is a form of energy more subtle than most things we know of, not only does not contradict the assumption that there may be conditions of existence in which electrical agency may be to other agencies as coarse as the ordinary post is to the telegraph, but directly leads up to the assumption.

That some such condition of things is nearer to us than we are in the habit of supposing is suggested by many recent experiments in Thought-transference.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The London Spiritualist Alliance gave an invitation soirée at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening last. Most of the meetings of the year are held on the premises of the Alliance, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, and are, by reason of space, confined to members and one of their household. At St. James's Hall, where space is no object, members invite their friends to join them. Among those present on this occasion were:—

Rev. Dr. Ashman, Mr. A. Alexander, Mr. T. A. Amos and the Misses Amos, Mr. J. T. Audy, Mr. and Mrs. Applegarth, the Misses Applegarth, Miss Z. Broderick, Mr. E. Bertram, Miss E. Bainbridge, Mr. F. Berkeley, Mr. T. Blyton, Mr. J. Braik, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. C. H. Bradley, Miss E. Bayne, Miss Beeby, Mr. A. W. Beville, the Misses Corner, Professor G. Chainey, Mr. J. F. Collingwood, Mr. W. G. Coote, Mr. Newton Crosland, Dr. Bowles Daly, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Drake, the Misses Drake, Mr. O. Donoghue, the Misses Dixon, Miss Day, Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Davies, Mr. J. M. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt, Mr. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Edmands, Mr. Edmands, jun., Mr. J. Edwards, Hon. Mrs. Forbes, Mr. Desmond FitzGerald, Mrs. and Miss E. Freckelton, Dr. Gutteridge, Mr. S. Grove, Miss Green, Mr. W. B. George, Mrs. and Misses Gilbert, Miss Glanville, the Misses Gomez, Mr. A. Glendinning, Miss Bessie Glendinning, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Godfrey, Mr. F. Gifford, Miss Marie Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Hopcroft, Mr. Hull, Mr. G. Hummeltenberg, Mr. Harris, Herr Carl Hansen, Miss Ingram, Mrs. E. M. James, Mrs. Kellor, Mr. G. Aydon Kelly, Mr. C. E. Kemmish, Rev. F. Limpus, Mrs. Lane, Mr. W. E. Long, Mrs. Morton, Dr. T. C. Marsh, Madame Mikhailoff, Mr. Mellor, the Misses Mellor, Mr. Edward Maitland, Dr. Malcolm, Miss Mahomed, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mundy, Mr. and Miss R. A. March, Mrs. and Miss Maltby, Mr. H. Masters, Mr. J. G. H. MacColla, Mrs. and Miss Nicholls, Mrs. Procter, Countess de Panama, Mr. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Percival, Mr. C. Pearson, Mr. A. Pritchard, Mr. Paul Preyss, Mrs. Quelch, Mrs. and Miss A. Dawson Rogers, Mr. Rayment, Mr. E. Robinson, Mr. F. W. Read, Mrs. Robinson, Miss J. Simmons, Mr. F. D. Summers, Miss Edith Spink, Mr. Percy Smythe, Mr. Monty Smythe, Madame de Steiger, Madame von Slaphen, Miss Spencer, Mr. A. Southey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stack, Mr. W. T. Smith, Miss Siddons, Mr. Joseph Schmidt, Mr. J. W. Sharpe, Miss Smith, Miss Sainsbury, Mr. and Mrs. G. Simpson, Mr. G. Milner Stephen, the Misses Sutton, Mrs. Towerzer, Mrs. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. W. Theobald, the Misses A. and M. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. Morell Theobald, Miss F. J. Theobald, Colonel Taylor, Miss Tompkins, Miss Till, Mr. Thurman, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Tindall, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mrs. H. Withall, the Misses Withall, Mr. Alaric A. Watts, Mr. Wellesley, Mrs. and Miss Williamson, Miss Abney Walker, Mrs. Western, Captain J. S. E. Western, Mrs. and Miss Whitby, Mrs. Wilkinson, &c., &c.

In the unavoidable absence of the President from illness the chair was taken by Mr. A. A. Watts, Vice-President.

Mr. Morse, who delivered the address, gave an interesting narrative of his experiences during four years' travel in the United States. We are glad to know that his experiences will be in the hands of the public shortly (see advertisement on our first page), and we, therefore, present only a brief abstract of what he said.

Mr. Morse commenced by saying that no one could understand American Spiritualism without attempting to understand the American people. Quick, vivacious, discursive, intuitive, they were not content to follow the ruts in a jog-trot. They deviate freely from the beaten track. Accordingly, their Spiritualism was comprehensive, and presented with all the energy and diffusiveness of the national character.

Then the vast extent of territory must be remembered: 3,000 miles from Atlantic to Pacific Ocean, and nearly the same extent from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Room there for "Spread-eagleism." Everything in America was on a large scale. Moreover, the odium of illegality did not oppress the public manifestation of Spiritualism as it

did in England. People did as they pleased in the vocation of medium. Hence a horde of sharpers and swindlers. So it came to pass that the evil and the good were classed together, and unmerited obloquy was often the lot of an honest and true medium.

Mr. Morse spoke of the many Spiritualist societies in the States to which the entry was, as it seems, very easy: of the Lyceums and of the various social aspects of the work. He touched on Camp-meetings, a very distinctive feature of work in America, and named some of the best speakers and mediums in the States.

In the literature of the subject prominence was given to the *Banner of Light* and to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and mention was made of other journals. A tribute was paid to Dr. Buchanan, "one of the most original thinkers and investigators that American Spiritualism has produced."

The attitude of the public Press had improved, but not so markedly as in this country. The social status was higher than at any previous time. The churches were impregnated with Spiritualism. The internal aspect was not so encouraging. There was wanted unity, self-sacrifice, and definite purpose.

This brief *résumé* is not intended to convey any idea of Mr. Morse's address, but only to indicate the lines of thought conveyed.

A cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Morse closed the proceedings, and the meeting then became informal for the purposes of social intercourse, music, and refreshment. The music was under the direction of the Misses Withall, ably assisted by Miss Dixon and Miss E. Freckelton. The grand piano used on the occasion was generously lent by the Messrs. Brinsmead.

THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.

It is greatly to be feared that at this moment the leaders of thought on matters Spiritualistic are suffering from a reaction that tends to lead them to too great lengths in the rejection of spirit teachings. Some years ago there prevailed a tendency to place far too great credence on the utterances of spirits. This lack of wisdom, or, perhaps, error of judgment, worked its own remedy, leading men to be rather inclined to disbelieve than to credit statements made by spirits. This disbelief must not be allowed, however, to carry us too far; for the truth is certain in the end to be found in the space between credulity on the one hand and scepticism on the other. There is one remarkable phenomenon clearly observable among us, which should make us think what we are about when we feel disposed to reject teachings coming from the other side that do not agree with our individual notions of existence. This phenomenon is the fact that many, if not most of us, are quite ready to believe, and accept, subject to some slight exercise of the reasoning faculties, the truth of the statements of spirits with whom we have been in the habit of conversing frequently, and whom we believe ourselves to know well; while we reject at once those coming under equally good conditions, from equally well-known instructors, in other circles than our own, if those communications happen to be at variance with our preconceived or at any rate present opinions. We see the wise man shake his head and endeavour to look imposing when he tells us gravely that we must not believe every spirit. It is indeed amusing, to say the least of it, for such "food for babes" to be offered, possibly by a very worthy and honest man to another equally worthy and honourable fellow, as a serious piece of advice.

For a man who knows well the value, as well as the want of value, of spirit teachings; who can perceive the beauty of the teachings of schools far other than his own; who possibly sees beauties unperceived by his adviser; who has trained his thought in matters external, as well

as transcendental, for many successive years—such advice is ridiculous. For the beginner, for the untrained investigator, however, no wiser can be given. "Try the spirits whether they be of God" is the old Biblical admonition, and the present one is "Accept nothing that is told you on the *ipse dixit* of any spirit; subject such information as you may get to the severest tests that reason can apply; the true will remain and the dross will be purged away."

Mediumship as practised in most places is well described in the little book, *The Voice of the Silence*, by H.P.B. To quote from memory: She calls it the Hall of Learning "in which the joys of life are found, but under every blossom a serpent coiled." These words appear to contain a very great truth of the vastest importance to all philosophical Spiritualists. All experience seems to show that by this means the perfect communication of truths can never take place. Every written or spoken message from the spirit world is a mixture of the false and the true. It is for each one to find out for himself and assimilate that better part, being assured that no matter how clever he may think himself he will never in this life be successful enough to gather all the good seed and leave behind the tares.

Let us not run too eagerly after new doctrines, lest we be carried away by their glittering appearances and become forgetful of the old. We know of the truth of spirit intercourse; we know that we can hold sweet converse with the denizens of another world; let us, while paying due heed to the powers of the incarnated soul, never forget or allow to grow dim the remembrance of that, the one great truth of Spiritualism. There we have a solid ground in which to place the foundations of our faith; and when we will it we can receive help from that quarter in all things relating to the spiritual progress and welfare of man. While, on the other hand, if we prostitute our powers by applying them to the gambling operations that defile the name of business; to the selfish promotion of our worldly interests and pecuniary affairs; in fact, to any other purpose than that for which they exist the result cannot fail to follow. If Spiritualism is to do the work that lies before it it must before all things be spiritual. The religious side of the subject, together with the philosophical, is that which alone will afford diet to the hungering soul, that will nourish it without at the same time producing the ill effects that unwholesome diet is wont to do. No soul nutriment is to be got out of dancing tables, slates full of writing, nor the most perfect materialisations, when once the inquirer has passed the Rubicon of knowledge of beings and powers of a supersensuous nature. "Outward and visible signs" are these, whence may be derived "an inward and spiritual grace." But the things of the flesh are perceived by the organs of flesh, while the grace is perceived by the spirit.

"1ST M. B. (LOND.)"

THOSE that are the best men of war against all the vanities and fooleries of the world do always keep the strongest guards against themselves, to defend them from self-love, self-estimation, and self-opinion.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

MAN, when he dies, loses nothing but his bones and flesh. He has along with him the memory of all that he had done, spoken, and thought, and all the natural affections and lusts, thus all the interior things of the natural principle; the exterior things thereof he has no need of; for he neither sees, hears, smells, tastes, nor touches the things which are in the natural world, but those that are in the other life, which indeed for the most part appear like those which are in the world; but still they are not like, for they have in them a living principle, which is not the case with those that belong to the natural world; for all and singular the things in the other life exist and subsist from the sun which is the Lord, whence they have in them a living principle; whereas all and singular the things in the natural world exist and subsist from the sun which is elementary fire, consequently they have not in them a living principle: the living principle which appears in them is from the spiritual world, that is from the Lord through the spiritual world.—SWEDENBORG'S *Arcana Coelestia*, 5079.

THE AISSOUAS.

BY NIZIDA.

PART I.

In East Indian Magic as in American Spiritism, in ancient as in modern times, there are good and bad magicians, pure and impure media. These attract good and bad Pitris, high and low spirits. Magic, no less than Spiritism, is divided into white and black, good and evil. The subjects always attract a class of spirits corresponding to the natures of the operators, and to the purposes designed.—*Art Magic*, p. 192.

Were an electric light suddenly flashed into the obscure depths of some ancient cavern, we can well imagine the gruesome bat-like shapes that would soon flitter forth, blinded by the unaccustomed light, and wildly beating about to find once more the comfortable security of their beloved darkness. Not regaining it, it is possible they might perish miserably of *too much light*! How many mishapen old fallacies of a depraved religious worship, and repulsive rites of devil-cult, seem now to emerge from the darkness in which they have hidden for ages, and challenge the wondering attention of races which call themselves civilised and enlightened. Not only is the *mind* forced to render up its long hidden fallacies, to see them dispersed, or fall stricken to death by the rays of the higher spiritual truth now so universally disseminated; but under that irresistible spell which the idea of money-making always induces, backed up by the ease and celerity of travel, certain speculators drag from their obscure haunts some of the lowest and most degraded specimens of the human race to exhibit their savage ugliness, their diabolical repulsiveness, before the gaze of thousands. We Westerns who delight in beauty, and pride ourselves upon our cultured pre-eminence, shall not only read of and imagine the hideousness described by travellers in distant lands, but we shall see it with our own eyes, brought to our very feet, in startling contrast to ourselves, making us wonder still more at the strange world of humanity of which we form a part. The most pregnant, deep-seated inquiries are excited in our minds as to the why and wherefore of such deformities. Our depraved society produces many deformities of drunkenness, brutality, and evil living; but these—in which there is a seeming absence of the vices we are accustomed to—exhibit unfamiliar forms of insane excitement more appalling, if anything, than those caused by alcohol, and perpetrate deeds of darkness of which we have never dreamed. Whence, why and wherefore? are the inquiries persistently evoked, and never appeased until the response has been won from the arcane depths of that universal mind whence all knowledge is obtained.

Ours is not yet the age of spiritual meditation, in which the mind turns from the objects of sense to find a more highly appreciated *pabulum* in the realms of the subjective. We require to see, to touch, to weigh, and measure all that is presented to us as fact. We would even handle spirit, if we could; and to force it into a nearer, and as we deem a more satisfactory acquaintance, we would compel it to veil itself still more deeply in matter—to *materialise* in short, when we find we are just where we were before, for all of *pure spirit* has escaped our coarse senses in the process. So, being brought face to face with things we have read of and imagined, we are shocked and startled into new phases of thought by which we begin that probing process of inquiry which leads to knowledge.

At the same time it is more than likely that we produce an equally startling effect upon those backward brethren of ours, favoured above their comrades left at home, whose minds of infantile growth are lost in futile amazement over the evidences of superior cultivation we display. They return to their savage wilds changed in some degree; better prepared, perhaps, for future progress. Thus some of their old bats of ignorance are startled out of the dark haunts to which they never find their way back, but perish, pierced by the beams of that intellectual light which belongs to our more Western world.

During the Paris Exhibition specimens of a certain sect of "Howling Dervishes" were brought from North Africa to "perform"—i.e., to exhibit before thousands of astonished and disgusted "dogs of Christians" some of the magical rites of a worship so sacred to them that they would defend it to the death with a frenzied and murderous passion. Such accomplished sorcerers are they that poison, fire, and the most dreadful self-inflicted wounds prove harmless to them; and these are the exhibitions they make of a spiritual control they have obtained over the body, which, in its origin and expression, is

decidedly and disgustingly evil. From what remote dark period of sorcery this diabolical power has been handed down it would be hard to say; from a period when sorcery and diabolism were rampant on this earth, and perverted humanity would doubtless have been utterly destroyed had it not been for the efforts of a spiritual host whose august function it is to minister to men, keeping alive in them the higher spirituality. But the *mob* always exoterichises spiritual truths, profanes that which is holy, turns the lovely blossom of esoteric and sacred science inside out, as it were, thus destroying its essence, and losing its pure perfume. It then becomes diabolical and deadly: it is the gift of Satan, and renders insane its possessors. All the early religions, in the beginning pure, have thus been profaned and debased, degenerating into a kind of devil-worship and sorcery. But the esoteric truths are imperishable, and have remained cherished in their pristine integrity and beauty in minds worthy to preserve them; and that through all the ages of this earth's existence.

The methods of obtaining these marvellous powers of the astral man over his physical body are doubtless handed down from tribe to tribe by oral tradition; but one method of inducing the phenomena is by a species of hypnotic influence of one mind over another, until a vast wave of hallucination and frenzy enwraps in a spell of enchantment numbers of persons, swaying them to one purpose. At such moments they become possessed by demons; their own souls are driven out, and the demon it is who performs the marvels of complete control of matter, rendering poisons, the fangs of serpents innocuous, healing the most ghastly wounds by a few passes of the hands, and enabling the obsessed human body to pass through fire unscathed. The means of effecting this extraordinary protection of the body from harm lie on the astral plane, and the knowledge of their use is the inherent prerogative of spirits whether good or evil. But this knowledge is not closed to man, who may obtain it by research, or by the spiritualisation of his being; when with such knowledge, then comes the desire to exercise it lawfully; for a truly spiritualised man would commit no act which could stain his soul, retard it in its progress, or imperil its immortality.

The Aïssouas are supposed to be a branch of the Rufai Moslem Dervishes,* founded by Ahmed Said Rufai, a native of Ghilan in Persia; "but the Aïssouas"—I quote from a private letter—"claim for founder an ancient prophet, by name Seedna Aïsa—'Our Lord Aïsa'—who must not, however, be confounded with Christ, who bears the same name among the Arabs, and Who is regarded with great respect by the Meslemin, and ranks near to Mahommed himself in the Mesalm catalogue of Divinely-inspired prophets. Seedna Aïsa appears to have been a wandering prophet, much like John the Baptist, or even Jesus Himself; and, as the legend goes, on one occasion, having led his followers far into the desert, they became faint with hunger, and clamoured for bread. Aïsa becoming at length exasperated by their importunities, says the tradition, turned upon them with the exclamation, '*Kool Sim!*'—'Eat Poison!' His disciples, in the plenitude of their faith, took the command literally, and devoured the serpents and poisonous reptiles with which the desert abounded. Ever since, the faithful followers of Aïsa have been able to eat poison with impunity."

"All Dervishes, whatever might have been the archaic form of their worship, or '*zirh*,' now give public performances of what, for want of a better term, we might call their religious rites, during which they work themselves up to a state which I can only describe as demoniac frenzy, when they go through the most diabolical excesses, appearing at times more like enraged animals, or demons, than human beings. It is presumable that during the centuries which have elapsed since this sect of Aïssouas was founded, that all of its original holiness, did it ever possess any, has disappeared, leaving only such remnants as a name once, perhaps, worthy of veneration, and mere shreds of tradition by which they hang together. There is, doubtless, some trickery in these performances, which are more or less palmed off as a miraculous power given into the hands of the 'faithful.'"

"The Aïssouas have the custom of making a pilgrimage through the country of Morocco at a particular season of the year, during which they stop at every important town to go through their religious performances. Accompanied by musicians with pipes and drums, they march in procession to the Mosque—or rather, I should say, *jump* in procession, for their progress consists of that singular leaping and jumping

which characterises other hyper-fervid sects. During the procession they may be seen cutting and tearing themselves with knives and broken glass, rolling in the mud, foaming at the mouth, and allowing poisonous snakes to bite them, for in these states of insane excitement they are said to be insensible to pain. At the close of the procession they tear a live sheep to pieces with their teeth and nails, and devour it like wild beasts."

"It is their custom to assemble on the *Soko*, or market-place, in Tangier. Until very recently it has been considered unsafe for Christians, or still more for Jews, to venture out of their houses on these occasions. I believe A. and B. were the first who set the example of going out publicly on the *Soko*, attended by their Moorish servants. Others, of course, have followed the example, and this year there were several Europeans to be seen about. As you will have seen from the photographs, the flat roofs of the houses are thronged with Moorish women in their robes and veils, as well as some families of Europeans, watching the procession pass along the streets."

"Down below is a crowd of the fanatics going through their wild antics, some dancing backwards with their long hair turned from behind like a veil over their faces. It is a wild and grotesque scene. Such is the whirl of excitement that I suppose it is not to be wondered at that all of a congenial turn, upon the same low plane of fanaticism, should be dragged into the vortex of phrenetic hysteria, when the body gets into such an abnormal state that pain is no longer felt, and marvellous feats become possible. Some members of the sect who may be said to form the central point of this excitement, who, for the time being, are the *foci* of demoniac possession, form a ring with arms entwined and perform a sort of wild dance, which consists of jumping off the ground and bowing almost double, with a hoarse guttural shout. They keep this up, increasing the rapidity of their movements until they work themselves into a condition of frenzy; their eyes glare, their mouths foam, and they try to break away and attack the bystanders with teeth and nails, especially if they happen to be Christians or Jews. It is at these supreme moments of frenzy, when the body has been brought into a state of complete subjection, that, I suppose, the obsessing demons enter into them. The diabolical actions they then perform sufficiently prove that the very lowest of evil spirits, at those moments, effect a more *externally* demonstrative entrance upon the plane of humanity than is usual with such objectionable gentry. A very ludicrous part of these exhibitions is, that when the ring of frenzied devotees would break out murderously upon the surrounding on-lookers, *uninspired* members of the sect are stationed round, provided with heavy sticks, with which they belabour their obsessed brethren, and drive them back to their places. This summary treatment of the holy elect is sufficient to dispel all impressions of sanctity or religion in these gatherings. Once, while I was looking on, a youth who was carrying one of their sacred banners, and whose increasing excitement I had for some time observed, began to turn of a deadly pallor, and a slight foam appeared at the corners of his mouth. He dropped his banner, and was on the point of falling, apparently in a fainting fit. His companions supported him for a few moments, when he started up, pulled off his chilaba, or outer garment, and rushed to join the ring of dancers."

"Many members of the sect perform as jugglers in public. Coming across the *Soko*, one may frequently see a crowd collected round two dirty men, one of whom beats a drum while the other harangues the company. The orator, when enough money has been collected, unties a basket covered with goat-skin, and lets out one or two of the poisonous serpents of the country, called by the Arabs '*lefah*.' He suffers the snake to bite him several times on his bare arms, and then if the bystanders have been generous enough to warrant the sacrifice of one of his live stock, he will go down on all fours, mouthing and roaring like a beast of prey, seize the snake with his teeth, shake it as a dog does a rat, and skin it with his teeth and nails. After rolling it in the dust he proceeds to devour it, still writhing. After this edifying performance, he appears to become wildly excited, dances about frantically, while he catches up the dirty straw and refuse of the *Soko* and stuffs it into his mouth. He now forces his breath violently through his mouth, and soon a thin wreath of smoke curls up from the straw, palmetto fibre, and what not, with which his mouth is stuffed. He adds more and more straw, and blows more violently until the smoke increases, and presently his mouthful of fuel bursts into a flame. If this is a sleight of hand trick, it is very cleverly done, as it is impossible to detect the application of fire in any form or manner. Such are some of the repulsive exhibitions of these degenerate 'sons of Islam.'"

* As '*Der*' means door in Persia, and '*Vish*' a beggar; the word '*Dervish*' originally implied one who begs from door to door.

GHOSTS AND MEN.

The current number of the *Chinese Recorder* of Shanghai contains a paper on the "Life and Writings of the God of Literature," by the Rev. D. Lyon. This being, it appears, lived through seventeen different lives as scholar and official, although only nine lives of him now exist, the remaining eight having never been recorded or preserved. In his own person he completed the perfection of the three religions of China. One of his works contains a chapter on ghosts and men, of which the following is the substance:—"A ghost is the corrupt part of man, and man is the pure part of a ghost. A man can be a ghost, and a ghost can be a man. The man and the ghost are mutually related; why separate man and ghost? The ghost becomes a man, then man must become a ghost. If a man does not become a ghost, he will surely be able to perfect manhood. It is difficult for a ghost to become a man, because it has fallen to ghosthood, and because it has lost manhood. A man is a ghost; a ghost is a man; but all men are not ghosts, neither is every ghost a man." It appears also that it is possible, although difficult, for a man to escape becoming a ghost. This is how it can be done: "Those who can be respectful without feeling ashamed, who can be submissive without deception, who can obey to perfection the rule of life and are able to preserve their natural force unabated, secretly cherishing growth, will become Buddhas or genii, but not ghosts."—*The Times*.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1889.

The Council beg respectfully to present their Sixth Annual Report. In so doing they have to regret the removal from among them of Dr. Stanhope Templeman Speer (Vice-President), whose loss the Council deeply regrets. His position as Vice-President has been filled by the election of Mr. Alaric Alfred Watts. They deplore also the departure of a veteran Spiritualist, whose name and fame are widely spread, in the person of Mr. S. C. Hall. They regret to add to these the decease of Miss Godfrey.

The Council have been deprived by resignation of the services of Mr. Amos, much to their regret. They beg to acknowledge, with their thanks, the assistance which Mr. Amos has always rendered to them in their work.

Mr. Everitt—an old and valued worker—has succeeded to a seat on the Council, and represented the Alliance at the recent Congress of Spiritualists at Paris. Full accounts of that important gathering have appeared in the columns of "LIGHT."

During the past year considerable additions have been made to the Library, which is now being weeded out of books that are no longer useful. The Council consider that a small and compact library of books that are really useful is all that their space can contain, and all that the requirements of members of the Alliance call for.

The donors have been many. Among them—not to attempt an exhaustive list—thanks are due to the Editor of "LIGHT," Madame Blavatsky, Rev. G. W. Allen, Mr. Coates, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Mrs. Martin Smith, Baron J. Spedalier, and other Members and friends.

It may be convenient to Members to know that the fugitive literature noticed from time to time in "LIGHT" is usually placed on the table in the Reading-room for a month for the use of members. Mr. Godfrey, Librarian, is in attendance daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. for the reception of visitors, and to answer general inquiries. He will afford members access to the Reading-room, where will be found most of the current periodical literature of Spiritualism in this and other countries, and will inform them as to the facilities afforded for taking books out of the library. Country members can obtain books upon payment of the cost of carriage.

Some books are kept on sale; others can be procured promptly on order.

The Council will welcome contributions to the Library of any standard works or periodicals of interest.

The Conversaciones at the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, have been largely attended. The musical portion of the programme has sustained the excellence of previous years. For this the thanks of the Council are due to the Misses Withall and many kind voluntary helpers, as also to Messrs. Brinsmead for their loan of a grand piano on each occasion.

The Assemblies in the rooms of the Alliance, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, have been confined to Members, space not permitting the admission of their friends. For these Assemblies no tickets are issued, as every Member of the Alliance has the right of entry, and also of introducing members of his family. At St. James's Hall Members have the privilege of inviting their friends.

The Home Meetings at Duke-street were introduced to our Members in words that may now be reproduced in order to show the spirit that has animated them. The Council are very desirous that a real and frank interchange of thought on these occasions should be secured.

The following is from an announcement in "LIGHT":—

It is desired to make these meetings as little formal as is consistent with their object. In some cases papers will be read, in other cases the opener of a discussion will make an informal speech and close with a reply.

In all cases free and full discussion will be invited, and the success of the meetings, to which every member is entitled to introduce any one of his family, will largely depend on a perfectly frank interchange of thought, which need not involve anything of the nature of a set speech. The rooms will be available for the use of members and their friends from 6 p.m. The discussion meeting will commence at 8 p.m.

The following addresses have been delivered during the past year, and the Council desire to express their thanks to those who have kindly assisted in this important branch of their work:—

- February 5.—DR. G. WYLD: "Miracles as Consistent with Nature, Science, and Religion."
- February 10.—MR. T. SHORTER: "A Little Plain Talk from an Old Spiritualist."
- March 5.—MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS: "Personal Experiences with a Sensitive."
- March 19.—"1st M.B. LONDON": "The 'Raison d'être' of Spiritualism."
- April 2.—MR. E. MAITLAND: "The Probable Course of Development and Ultimate Issue of the Present Spiritual Movement."
- April 9.—MADAME DE STEIGER: "Spiritualists and Public Worship."
- May 14.—MR. W. PAICE: "Matter or Spirit? Both or Neither."
- June 13.—MR. A. P. SINNETT: "Re-incarnation." (Closing meeting of the Session in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall.)
- October 29.—THE PRESIDENT: "Facts Within My Knowledge."
- November 12.—MR. T. SHORTER: "Review of the Argument for Re-incarnation from the Problem of Moral Evil."
- November 26.—MR. MORELL THEOBALD: "Gleanings Abroad."
- December 10.—MADAME DE STEIGER: "Spiritualism in the Poets:—'The Epic of Hades.'"

"LIGHT," the organ of the Alliance, has been conducted during the past year by the President, and the Council has every reason to be content with the position occupied by the journal at home and abroad. There has been a marked increase in the respect paid to it by those who do not occupy the same standpoint of thought, as evidenced by the increasing number of books, pamphlets, and newspapers sent for notice. It is largely quoted, and always with respect, by Spiritualist journals all over the world. The attempt made to appeal to a cultured and thoughtful class has met with gratifying success. This class, it must be obvious, is not large, and it is therefore necessary that a limited circulation should find support from voluntary contributions. These, the Council are pleased to say, show the appreciation in which "LIGHT" is held by an increasing body of educated readers.

In this connection the Council must especially express their warmest thanks to an unknown and munificent donor, who, in addition to two previous gifts of £100, has, during the present month, sent to the Editor a Bank of England note for £1,000 for the support and sustenance of "LIGHT." No clue having been given to the source from which this most generous gift proceeds, the Council can only record their sense of obligation to their unknown benefactor, and trust that this expression of their gratitude may serve in place of the personal expression of thanks which they would desire to offer, were it not that it is obviously wished that anonymity should be preserved.

The Council feel strongly that the work that is being done is not fitly to be measured by the area over which it extends so much as by the depth reached. Very gratifying evidence comes before the Council not infrequently of the estimation in which the London Spiritualist Alliance is held both abroad and in the provinces. Its action is looked to with respect and watched with interest by many who are not connected with it as Members.

The accounts, as audited, will be found appended.

In concluding the Council confidently appeal to the work of the last year, in all its various departments, as a title to the confidence of Members and their continued and increased support.

W. STANTON-MOSES, M.A., *President*.

2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 31ST, 1889.

Dr. 1889.	To RECEIPTS:—	£ s. d.
Jan. 1.	Balance from last Account	98 16 6
Dec. 31.	Subscriptions	149 10 10
	" in advance	6 6 0
	Interest on Consols	11 17 9
	Dividend on John Moir & Co., Limited: Shares kindly presented by a Mem- ber	12 10 0
	Donations	348 19 2
		<u>£628 0 3</u>
Cr. 1889.	By EXPENDITURE:—	£ s. d.
Dec. 31.	Soirée Account	17 16 4
	Petty Cash and Postage Account	7 7 1
	Printing Account	3 6 6
	Distribution of Literature Account	13 10 0
	Library and Furniture Account	66 13 0
	Rent Account	46 5 0
	"LIGHT" Account	414 6 11
	Subscriptions carried to 1890 Account	6 6 0
	Balance	52 9 5
		<u>£628 0 3</u>

RESERVED FUND.

1889.	To Cash Invested	£ s. d.
Jan. 1.		395 11 6
1889.	By Cash Invested	£ s. d.
Dec. 31.		395 11 6

MEMORANDUM.—In addition to the above the Alliance possesses fifty Shares of John Moir and Co., Limited, of the now nominal value of £5 each, but which in their present depreciated value it has not been considered advisable to realise.

GENERAL BALANCE.

Dr. 1889.	To Balance of Income and Expenditure Account as above	£ s. d.
Dec. 31.	Subscriptions paid in advance	52 9 5
	Reserve Fund	6 6 0
		<u>395 11 6</u>
Cr. 1889.	By Consols	£ s. d.
Dec. 31.	Cash in hands of Treasurer	454 6 11
		<u>£454 6 11</u>

I hereby certify that I have audited the above Statements of Account and have inspected the securities and find the same correct.

(Signed) THOMAS BLYTON, Accountant.

January 18th, 1890.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

As it was in the old time so it is now. There were and there are those who cannot enjoy the sunlight for disputing whether there be, perchance, a sun:—

In regard to a life after death, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, the existence of Heaven and Hell, they who only dispute whether such things exist, stand out of the doors of wisdom so long as they dispute, and are like persons who only knock at the door, and cannot even look into Wisdom's magnificent palaces; and, what is surprising, people of this description fancy themselves wise in comparison with others, and so much the wiser in proportion to the greater skill in debating whether a thing be so, and especially in confirming themselves that it is not so. When yet the simple, who are in good and whom such disputants despise, can perceive in a moment, without any dispute, much more without learned controversy, both the existence of a thing and also its quality. These latter have a general sense of the perception of truth, whereas the former have extinguished this sense by such things as incline them first to determine whether the thing exists.—*Arcana Cælestia* (No. 3428.)

The common aim of despotism and of priestcraft is uniformity, and uniformity is a necessary expedient of human poverty and imperfection.—SCHILLER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Theosophy and Buddhism.

SIR,—Mr. Oxley in your last issue compiles some information about the city of *Lahás*. The context would warrant one to suppose that the city of Lhasa was meant, though how this is arrived at phonetically or otherwise, is a mystery.

Mr. Oxley is perfectly correct in supposing that the Dalai Lama is a political marionette; this has been repeatedly stated by Theosophical writers.

No doubt the religionists of Little Thibet and the borderlands, the Bhons, Dugpas or Red Caps may be arraigned on the charges that Mr. Oxley makes, but does this apply to the Gelugpas or Yellow Caps? Have we any authentic information in Europe on the subject? Did Schtagintweit even write of the Buddhism of the Gelugpas?

This, however, is not the reason of the present letter. I write to protest against the confounding of the philosophy of Buddhism and other Eastern systems which the Theosophical Society is endeavouring to elucidate, with the ceremonies or practices of Buddhists with which the Society has nothing to do.

Would it be fair to say that because the lowest castes and out castes of India are so ignorant of their own religion that they have sunk to the level of idolators, therefore the Vedanta system of philosophy was unworthy of study?

If any stress has been laid on Buddhism, it is upon the teachings of Gautama, and not upon the ceremonies of the Northern Churches. The purely ethical teachings of Tathagata summed up in the Five Precepts have been found sufficient by the Southern Church for right living; they have, therefore, no ceremonies and studiously refrain from definitions or dogma. This has been found commendable in Buddhism as an exoteric religion, and has been spoken of as the vehicle most free from useless overgrowth.

It has lately been contended in the West that the whole of the Eastern systems of religion have a hidden side. And because a writer unluckily named his book *Esoteric Buddhism*, it has been supposed that all the writers who dealt with the inner meaning of Aryan systems and religions were necessarily all preaching Buddhism. But strange to say in the East, Parsees, Sufis, Vedantins, Visishadvitees, Jains, Vaisnavas, in fact all the sects, say that the philosophy, religion, system or whatever you like to call it, which these writers are endeavouring to elucidate is fundamentally the same as their own. Where then is the logic of labelling the system Buddhism? If it were Buddhism, surely the Parsees and other sects would not accept it with open arms.

One would have thought that this mistake had long ago been corrected. And if this is so, surely no indictment of an ignorant populace, even if true, can ever affect Theosophy?

It is rather amusing to notice Mr. Oxley's sly hint when using the term "Brotherhood," but even supposing that Thibet was the most degraded and immoral country in the world, that proves nothing. Surely no one who believes in initiates believes in their fixed geographical residence!

17, Lansdowne-road, W.

G. R. S. MEAD, B.A.

Lyceums and Sunday Schools.

SIR,—I, for one, speaking as a Spiritualist, deny the necessity for us to have some distinctive training for our children. The Sunday-school is far and away the best place for children. You say that in the Sunday-school they are taught that which we should not teach them, but I thank God they are not allowed to run riot, to run to the nearest sweet-stuff shop to buy sweets, to learn to march, &c., as they do at the Lyceums. What training for the future! Yes, truly they are a sorry lot; dogmatic, the outcasts of all sects. Ask the conductors to define their faith, and you will find that *no two agree*. Compare a well-conducted Sunday-school, with its classes of from twelve to sixteen children, with a pure teacher at their head teaching them Christ's law, with your modern Lyceum. Anyhow, my seven children are all the better for attending Sunday-school. You tell a tree by the fruit it bears. Well, here is a comparison. Spiritualism has been public property this twenty years. Where are the fruits it should bear? No hall can it call its own; no cottage hospital. Miss Lottie Fowler needs aid. Where are the helpers? No; they come not. Starve! Die! Deny ourselves! Never! Truly a dead body! Now compare (for instance) the Salvation Army, composed of real poor men, who give their money to help the alms work. One man after his hard day's

work collected £87 at Wood Green ; three collected £137 to help the cause of Christ. There is life there ; work, not idle talk. I have heard more of visions amongst the simple Salvation Army folk than amongst Spiritualists. Why? Because they are true to their faith ; they deny themselves for the benefit of others. Do Spiritualists?

88, High-road, Lee.

J. ROBINSON.

[Without necessarily agreeing with all he says, we think our energetic and obviously sincere correspondent has put his criticism fairly and hit some blots. We do not criticise Lyceums, because we do not know their working ; but there is obviously no reason why a Lyceum should not be as well conducted as a Sunday-school, and should not add to the teaching of Christ's law an explanation of our faith as Spiritualists.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

Jesus and the Christ.

SIR,—The "question of the Christ" is, as "S.K." says, both "a very delicate one" and "of much difficulty" ; too much so to deal with briefly in restricted space ; but as I know he cannot easily find the key which opened my mind into great light upon that question, I long for him and other inquirers to have what helped me ; and hope you can find room for a few passages from one of Boehme's least accessible works, the *Apologies*. In them alone has he made the inestimable doctrine clear. Swedenborg, as to Jehovah forming the Divine Humanity, by taking the human soul (from a human mother only), gives precisely the same great truth, but at such length that no quotation from him could adequately give his meaning. This is Boehme's :—

Jesu, the eternal Sun, shineth forth through the Christ ; Jesus is Jehovah, that is God ; and Christ is the Mediator between God's love and anger. To Christ is *all power given* from Jehovah, or Jesus, not that Christ should bear the power or authority for himself ; but God, who is a spirit, He useth the Christ for an instrument whereby He takes away the power or authority from the anger"—[understand the wrath of God in man, i.e., the discordant spirits of eternal nature in man's soul]. According to the humanity he hath a *given* power, and according to the Deity he is the *Giver* Himself. The man is our humanity ; and the Christ is the anointed of God, which God hath manifested out of the name Jesus. [3rd *Apology*, Text 1, pars. 226 and 227 ; and 3rd *Apology*, Point 3, Text 4, par. 10.]

As the sun shineth in the whole outward world, and *impowereth* all and maketh it fruitful ; and the world is not the sun, so also the Christ shineth as a revealed sun out of Jehovah, or Jesus, in the creaturely humanity of Christ. [*Ibid*, par. 13.]

In Text 1 of the 3rd *Apology*, from par. 21 to 39, a very valuable summary of the distinction between Jesus the Anointer and Christ the Anointed will be found ; and again in 3rd *Apology*, Point 4, Text 4, the necessity of the Redeemer having *other* than a "holy and perfect body"—in a word, of being creaturely and not super-human in externals—is admirably stated from par. 5 to 11. With regard to creaturely limitations of Deific life in the Christ, it will repay any student of Boehme to turn to Chapter VIII. of Part I. of his treatise on the Incarnation, and read from par. 45 to 51.

A. J. PENNY.

A Correction.

SIR,—As a matter of justice to myself will you allow me to correct the report inserted by the secretary of last Sunday week's proceedings at Peckham?

My special reason for resigning the Presidency is that the Society has committed itself to accepting a sum of money from the Federation without any report having been placed in our hands by the delegates at any time. I felt, therefore, I could not be a party to any such transaction.

Duncannon-street,

Charing Cross, W.C.

January 20th, 1890.

JOHN THEO. AUDY.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

Psychic Studies. No. 8. By ALBERT MORTON. [Advice to mediums and investigators. Good and very useful.]

Signs of Our Times: Social, Political, and Religious Strikes. A Cry for Justice. By F. T. A. DAVIES. [These are four-page tracts suited for distribution, supplied at a shilling a hundred, or seven shillings a thousand. The writer describes himself as "Spiritualist and Reformer."]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S. O.—We thank you, and use what you kindly send.

Nothing is effected with man except by means of spirits.—SWEDENBORG'S *Spiritual Diary*, 4571.

SOCIETY WORK.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, CARLYLE HALL, CHURCH-STREET, THREE DOORS FROM EDGWARE-ROAD (CLOSE TO STATION).—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Mackenzie will deliver a lecture on Phrenology, with examination of heads. This being a popular subject, we hope to see a good attendance. Before the lecture the general meeting of members will be held.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.O.L., 30, Wyndham-street, W.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday next we enter upon the fourth year of our existence as a Society, and we intend holding our anniversary services on that day at 11.15 a.m., 3.0 p.m., and 6.30 p.m. A large number of prominent speakers and mediums are expected, including Mrs. Stanley, Mr. T. Everitt, Mr. R. Wortley, Mr. W. Towns, Mr. Darly, and Mr. U. W. Goddard. On Sunday last the attendance at the children's service was somewhat limited, owing to weather. Addresses were given by Mr. Rodger, Mr. Drake, Mr. White, and Mr. R. Wortley, while some good recitations and musical readings were given by the children.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE SOCIETY, 24, HARCOURT-STREET.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Rodger discoursed on "Come with us and we will do thee good," to an intelligent and appreciative audience. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m. (doors closed at 11.15) for spiritual intercommunion. At 7 p.m. Mr. F. Dever Summers will deliver an address. There will be a special social evening on February 3rd ; several talented ladies and gentlemen having promised their services, among them Miss Alton, Miss Laurie, Mr. Harding, Mr. Arnold, and many others. There will be a charge of 6d. made, the proceeds to be devoted to the furniture fund. The Lyceum on Sunday was conducted in the usual way by Mr. Lewis, assisted by Miss Smythe ; twenty were present. Recitations by Miss White, Lizzie and Ettie Mason. Reading by Mr. A. Collins.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, SILVER-STREET, NOTTING HILL GATE.—On Sunday evening last "How is Spiritualism to Benefit Humanity" was the subject dealt with by the guides of Mr. J. A. Butcher, who showed that true Spiritualism must uplift the soul ; man by encouraging a system of universal brotherly love serves both God and mammon. Appreciative remarks were made by some of the audience. Next Sunday a series of Sunday morning addresses, with discussion, will be commenced on "Spirit Communion : How to Encourage It." All members, friends, and inquirers will reap benefit by attending at 11 a.m. Mr. A. M. Rodger ; afternoon, at 3 p.m., Lyceum ; evening, at seven o'clock, Mr. J. Hopcroft. The Lyceum was conducted last Sunday, eighteen being present. The instructions and calisthenics were gone through ; Mr. C. White assisted, and members seemed to take great interest in the session. On Friday evening next, at 8 p.m., a lecture will be delivered by E. Bellasis (*Lancaster Herald*), with magic lantern illustrations. Admission free. Next committee meeting, 29th inst., at 8 p.m., at 68, Cornwall-road. A lecture will be delivered in Zephyr Hall, by W. Whitley, on February 23rd, at 7 p.m., subject, "Theosophy and Occult Buddhism." Choir practice, 68, Cornwall-road, on Thursday, at 8 p.m.—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec., 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater.

"THEY SANG A NEW SONG."

Gather round the Table,
When the day is done ;
Lay the Electric Cable
That weds two Worlds in one.
We have found the passage
Past the frozen pole ;
We have had the Message
Answering, soul to soul.

Gather round the Table
In a fervent band :
Learn the Lost are able
To join us hand in hand
With ties no longer riven :
Empty in the Past
We stretched our hands toward Heaven—
They are filled at last.

Gather round the Table :
The silent and the meek,
So long belied, are able
For themselves to speak.
Open but a portal :
Every spirit saith,
Man is born immortal,
And there is no death.

Gather round the Table :
By knowledge faith is fed !
Ours the fact they fable ;
Presence is the Bread.
Come with cleanliest carriage,
Whitely-pure be dressed :
For this Heavenly Marriage,
Earth should wear its best.

GERALD MASSEY.